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Peacham, Oct. 7, 1852.

Dear Wife:

Yesterday we spent in looking at Peacham from different stand-points, and surveying the region generally. The first place we visited was the village cemetery, a comparatively new one, where repose the mortal remains of Oliver's father, mother, brother and sister. It lies on high table land, from which the most extended and charming views open in every direction, mingled with a due proportion of the grand and sublime. Our company consisted of Mr. Underwood, of Hardwick, a solid, intelligent, estimable man, (who, in his looks, manners, and <sup>manner</sup> of speaking, very closely resembles Nathaniel H. Whiting,) Mr. Lorenzo Johnson, (Oliver's oldest and only surviving brother,) Oliver, and myself. We next rode to Harvey's mountain, distant three miles, and made an easy ascent of it, as it is of moderate elevation, and presents a

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smooth and grassy surface to its summit. Of course, we were well paid for our climbing efforts. It is useless to try to describe what we saw. All such terms as "beautiful," "grand," "magnificent," "enchanted," could be and were constantly applied, as we turned from one point of observation to another. The White Mountain range, Mount Lafayette, and mountains of less but huge dimensions, were seen distinctly and sublimely lifting themselves heavenward, in multitudinous array, and multifarious forms. The day and the weather were all that could be desired. The woods, as far as the eye could reach, were aflame with the glory of their autumnal hues, and excited constant exclamations of admiration. How I wished that you and all the dear children could be with me! If persons could only have "a free ticket," and travel "without money and without price," it would be exceedingly convenient; but, in that case, every body would be on the



move, and <sup>what</sup> would become of society? In that case, "drafting" would be as difficult as to locate a will-'o'-the-wisp; and then, how would the rebellion be put down? Perhaps the answer may be - there would be no rebellion to meet, for the rebel army would disperse in "double quick" on tours of recreation, far and near.

We took tea at Mr. Clark's, a son-in-law of Mr. Johnson, and then went to the vestry of the orthodox church, which we found well filled with a substantial audience of farmers and their wives. One of the deacons of the church presided, and Oliver opened the meeting with a brief but very feeling speech, referring to his long and intimate acquaintance with me, the indebtedness he was under to me in shaping his destiny, and expressing his delight in presenting me to his native village - &c., &c. I spoke for an hour and a half, answering a variety of questions, and all the way through so pleasing and interesting the audience that they were reluctant to have me stop. They unanimously voted thanks to us both.



When the meeting concluded, the rain began to pour down, and many must have got drenched before getting to their homes,-- from one to half a dozen miles distant. Fortunately, my shawl and umbrella were sent to me, in anticipation of a rain, and I got home without experiencing any inconvenience.

What with climbing the mountain, long walks up hill and down, and speaking at such length, I was pretty tired by bedtime; so that I slept soundly till late this morning. I am glad to find that I took no cold yesterday.

The weather is lowering, and looks as if we should have more rain. It is uncertain, therefore, how we shall occupy our time to-day. I shall try to find a Boston newspaper in the village, and glean what intelligence I can as to the state of things on the Potomac.

Love to the children, and kind regards to Mary. Wherever I go, I am  
Ever your loving husband, W. L. G.